

In Between

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In Between

by [Seabell](#)

Summary

“It’s not so complicated,” Kyoujurou continued. “If he wants to relax, then relax with him. If he wants to play, play with him. And if he wants to fuck, you’ll let him fuck. It’s just service, after all!”

He smiled. “Don’t tell me that doesn’t sound good.”

Senjurou meets a kind omega at a bakery and is smitten. Kyoujurou is determined to bring him home for them.

Notes

OmegaVerse AU where omegas have a history of being bought, sold, and traded as commodities.

This is my very first fic, so please enjoy!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

It wasn't entirely by chance that Senjurou stumbled upon the Kamado Bakery one Saturday afternoon, as a simple internet search had brought up reviews of good local eateries in the area. It certainly *was* entirely by chance, however, that he stumbled across it during their going out of business sale. Heavily discounted items to get rid of their inventory meant a large, hungry crowd, and if Senjurou had known this, he would've definitely walked the extra 10 minutes to the next closest pastry store to avoid the stress.

He wasn't even really trying to save a couple yen - money was never something he worried about, what with his father's business. He was just *starving* .

And all he wanted was a creme puff or two. He didn't ask for all this.

There were quite a few people inside already when he had walked in, and already a sense of dread started to creep in - but he was only fourth in line. He focused entirely on the menu above the counter, determined to be ready with his order and be quick to leave before he started feeling worse.

It wasn't until he was second in line, so so close, that a rush of people on their lunch break started arriving in hoards, one after another. The steady, continuous chiming of the front door started to set the rate of his heartbeat, and by the time he got to order, Senjurou was a clammy mess.

"Please wait to the side, sir," said the woman at the counter. She was middle aged, purpled eyed, and her hair was pulled up and covered. Her name tag read "Kie."

"It'll just be a moment - a fresh batch is coming out of the oven."

Senjurou paid and did as he was told, but now that the entire building and all its patrons were in view, along with the overwhelming chatter making it hard to hear, he felt like his windpipe was closing.

Breathe , he thought to himself. *Breathe, keep it together* .

The sight of the room seemed to physically get smaller, and Senjurou took a step back, he now formally struggled for breath. Too many people, too many people. The noisy bakery's ambiance was suddenly muffled with the sound of his blood pumping in his ears. He breathed once, twice, and fumbled in his bag for his phone

Call Aniu - he'll come pick me up, he'll get me home. I want to go home.

He felt even more frantic, hand moving faster and faster, searching for his phone.

Where? Where?

With one last shaky breath - deep and loud, desperate for any measly amount of air - Senjuro suddenly felt something warm, so warm, wrap around his waist and hold him close.

When Senjurou opened his mouth to yelp in surprise, a sweet scent met his nose. He nearly went limp. He felt his heartbeat lessen, his breathing stabilize.

Tranquility, this was the scent of tranquility. And despite the warmth in his core, he felt a shiver run down his spine.

"Are you alright?" A soft voice asked, inches from his ear. The breath hitting his earlobe made him shake. Senjurou inhaled again, softer this time.

"I'm going to guide you outside, okay? It's calmer outside, please walk with me." The voice whispered again.

Senjurou's free hand came up to lightly grasp the arms around him, and he let himself step backwards and be pulled by these comforting arms that brought him such a lull of peace. He started to feel sleepy almost, and didn't even flinch when his feet stepped awkwardly into the ones behind him. The chime of the door opening and closing was not heard, but the cool air Senjurou felt immediately, snapping him from his lull.

It was quiet for a moment, and then the voice spoke again.

“There, is that better?” Senjurou let out a soft hum, eyes closed, and breathed in that sweet, sweet smell that surrounded him. He melted into this embrace. These pheromones felt like a drug, and Senjurou wondered how he had gone his entire life without this.

The arms suddenly relaxed around him, and Senjurou mourned their absence immediately as he felt himself get turned around. He looked up at the form in front of him.

Stunning kind red eyes met his own, and Senjurou felt his cheeks start to burn. It was a young man - a teen really, maybe only a couple years older than himself. Above his eyes was a light scar, but it framed his face well. He was very attractive.

But his scent - *oh his scent* was an entirely other thing.

“I’m sorry,” the stranger started, and Senjurou felt himself mesmerized by his lips, but he really tried to listen. “I shouldn’t have grabbed you like that, that was incredibly inappropriate! I just saw you there looking so upset, and I could tell you were panicking, so I thought I would help...”

Senjurou took a couple of breaths.

“T-thank you.. it really did. Can I ask what...” Senjurou breathed in subtly, the scent was fading from the wind, but he was desperate for it. “...did you do exactly?” He had never felt something like that before.

His companion smiled a little awkwardly, rubbing the back of his head.

“One of my brothers gets panic attacks sometimes, and when I surround him with my scent it helps him calm down - I thought I’d help you too since I can tell you and him are the same.”

He tilted his head and scratched his cheek lightly with one finger. “Perks of being an omega, I guess,” he lightly laughed.

An omega? Senjurou wondered if he had ever actually met one in person - it was so rare! And that would explain how strong the effect was - it worked very well on alphas like himself.

“Oh I see,” Senjuro nodded softly, trying to not be rude and let the shock show on his face. It was absolutely not everyday one would run into an omega. “I felt like I was drowning in there..”

“It was pretty busy in there! I could just tell you needed help. A sixth sense!” He offered a serene smile. “If you’re feeling better, I need to head back in and help my mom. I’ve already taken my break.”

Senjurou bobbed his head again, committing to memory he was an employee. “Yes of course! Thank you so much!”

His savior flashed him one last smile and bowed lightly, before he turned back around and entered into the store.

Senjurou clutched his bag closer to him and turned around towards the station. He didn’t need to call his brother anymore, he felt like he could handle taking a train now.

The door chimed open again.

“Hey, please wait sir!

Senjurou's head turned around, meeting the young man again. In his hands was a folded brown paper bag.

"Don't forget your meal now!"

Senjurou took the bag - he almost forgot!

"Thank you very much!"

As the employee disappeared back into the store one last time, Senjurou felt the warmth through the bag. He felt warm too all throughout his body - the best kind of warmth. Half way home, we realized he didn't even get his name.

Tanjirou hoped he had done the right thing with that bright haired boy, but he couldn't dwell too long on it. The hustle and bustle of work snapped him back into the present.

After the lunch rush and the evening, Tanjirou let out a puff of air as he switched the open sign to closed. It had been a long day.

He turned towards his mother, who was counting bills at the register.

"How did we do today?" He asked.

His mother sent him a smile through tired eyes. "We did well, Tanjirou. Not quite as much as I had hoped, even with the lunch rush, but not too bad."

Tanjirou nodded, happy at that news. Something still sunk in his belly.

It wasn't ideal that they were closing the store, and no one was incredibly thrilled about it (although Nezuko was happy to have her weekends back). Their food was good, their customer base was fine. But after the passing of their father last year, his mother thought it was getting too hard for the family to balance the commitment of the bakery.

Tanjirou wondered if it had more to do with the increased rent.

"I'll go help Nezuko store ingredients in the back."

"Actually dear, would you go upstairs and check on Takeo? I want to make sure he's doing okay with your sister and brothers. Nezuko and I can wrap things up here."

Tanjirou nodded and quickly went outside and around the back of the store, where stairs that led up to the Kamado family's front door laid.

He was met with lots of joyous welcome from his young siblings.

"Onii-san!"

"Welcome home!"

"How was work?"

Tanjiro found himself smiling. "Work was good! Are you guys hungry? How about I help set up dinner, hmm?" said Tanjirou. "Was everything okay today, Takeo?"

"Nothing I couldn't handle, Nii-san!" Takeo replied. His brows then furrowed for a moment.

It was faint - very faint. But what was that odor on his brother?

An alpha?

Tanjirou chuckled. "I had no fears about you being in charge!"

As everyone transitioned to the kitchen, Tanjirou looked around lovingly at his family.

Hopefully closing the bakery would be fine, but they wouldn't be out of the woods. The transition would be a long road ahead.

He was worried - but his family was here and all together. They'd make it through.

By the time Senjurou got home, the warmth in his belly hadn't entirely vanished. He couldn't wait to tell his brother what he had found. He quickly went to find him inside his family's estate.

Before he even got the chance to say anything, Kyoujurou took quick notice of his brother's quirky mood.

"Senjurou! How was your day?"

Senjurou wasn't really sure where to start, if he was perfectly honest. "Today was... interesting, Anieue." He said tentatively. Kyoujurou raised an eyebrow for his brother to elaborate.

“I had another panic attack,” he started quietly, “when I was getting lunch.”

Kyoujurou’s eyes widened in alarm before it settled into a soft expression. “You know you could’ve called - ”

“I didn’t have to.” Senjurou cut in. “Someone... helped out.”

“Helped out?”

“Yeah! There was a boy there who had the best smell, Anie! He saw I was having an anxiety attack and helped me outside.” Senjurou felt his face heat up again at the memory. “I honestly can’t get the smell out of my head.”

Kyoujurou nodded, now very serious. “How did it feel?”

“It felt.. calming? Like an ocean’s storm came to peace... His eyes were so kind.”

“It sounds like you ran into an omega, Senjurou!”

Senjurou made a sound of agreement. “Yeah! He told me he was. I’ve never met one in person before.”

Kyoujurou ruffled his brother’s hair. “That’s exciting, Senjurou!”

It was amusing to hear Senjurou pitter on about smelling his first omega. They were so rare nowadays, it was certainly a time to remember.

However, Kyojurou was beginning to feel a little less and less amused as this continued on for the next *week* .

“Aniue, can we go back to the Kamado Bakery?”

“Aniue, will I meet another omega one day? Do you think I’ll meet *that* omega again one day..?”

“He helped so much with my anxiety.. Can’t we stop by for breakfast?”

“Aniue, I had another dream - “

“Senjurou!” Kyoujurou interrupted his brother one day. He let out a chuckle. “If you feel this strongly about him, let’s just go down there and ask to buy him!”

Senjurou blinked and cocked his head, not really following. The practice of buying and selling omegas had certainly once been very popular, but he could have sworn the practice had been made illegal years ago.

Kyoujurou folded his arms and smiled confidently at his brother. “The law is very clear on slavery Senjurou! But forms of prostitution and mating are hazier. A deal can always be made if you pay the right price! Plenty of father’s business associates have omegas of their own, you know. It’s very common in the upper ranks of businesses.”

Senjurou felt a flicker of hope. “Do you really think we can?” He asked excitedly.

“I know your anxiety hasn’t been getting any better. And beyond that, you are in the process of becoming a man! I think it’s a fine time to get you an omega if you would like. Believe in your brother, Senjurou - I’ll make it happen!”

Senjurou smiled and gave his older brother a large hug. “Thank you, Aniue!”

It was the very next day that the two Rengoku brothers took a trip down to the Kamado Bakery. There was little time to waste if the store was closing soon. They waited for the last few minutes before closing time, where they would have more privacy to make their offer.

When the pair stepped inside, Kyoujurou bee-lined for the counter. Senjurou stayed further behind closer to the door. Not out of earshot, but far enough where the attention wouldn't be on him. He felt embarrassed to make his brother come all this way, but he had been assured it would be fine.

It was interesting looking around the store now that it was so peaceful, such a stark contrast to his last visit. He felt his gut wrench at the memory - but anywhere he was with his brother felt safe to him. He didn't need to worry about losing his breath and his nerve this time around.

"Welcome. What can I get for you?" the woman asked sweetly at the counter.

"Ah!" Kyoujurou replied with a smile. "We're looking for the omega who works here! Young man, a scar on his head. We'd like to make an offer."

Tanjirou came through the doors at this moment, holding freshly cleaned plates.

"This one, right here!" Kyoujuro pointed to him.

Tanjirou cocked his head. Did he walk into a discussion about him? Taking one look at this bright-haired customer at the counter and then at the smaller one near the door, it suddenly clicked.

Are we getting sued? I messed up, I shouldn't have done anything!

But Senjurou waved softly at Tanjiro from the door. Tanjiro found himself slightly bowing his head in response as his hands were full.

His mother's voice, suddenly very icy, pulled his attention back.

“My son isn't for *sale* .”

“Ma'am - ”

“Tanjiro, go back to the kitchen.” His mother quickly said.

Tanjiro looked one last time at the two strangers and his mother before he obeyed. He stayed right behind the swinging doors though, wanting to hear the rest of the conversation. His heartbeat elevated.

He couldn't believe this was happening *again* . He could smell the two outside were alphas, one fairly aggressive, a scent like arsenic. He always felt guilty when his mom had to kick out persistent customers...

Kyoujurou hummed. “He's so well trained! Let me at least make you an offer.”

“You need to leave. Right now.”

Kyoujurou stood his ground, crossing his arms. His smile didn't fade. “It wouldn't be a one-time fee, that'd be insulting! How's 500,000 yen per month?”

Tanjiro almost dropped the plates he was holding. *500,000 yen!*

Per *month* ? What exactly were they offering? That was a lot of money...

“If you don’t leave, I’ll call the police.”

“700,000 yen?”

“ *Sir* !”

“1 million. Final offer.”

The crashing of plates from the kitchen snapped all the three heads in the room. It was quiet for a moment.

“You need to leave,” Tanjirou heard his mother speak in a very low voice. “Right. Now.”

“I see.” Kyoujurou said. His face looked very stern. “Well, if you change your mind, here’s my contact information.” He held out a business card for Kie to take. When all she did was glare, he placed it on the counter instead.

“Have a wonderful day! Let’s go, Senjurou.”

Kie did not say anything back.

The two exited the store. “I’m sorry Senjurou.” Kyoujurou said. “They might change their minds in a couple days. Hope isn’t lost!”

“It’s okay, Aniue... It was a long shot anyway.”

Inside, Tanjirou had now re-entered from the kitchen. “Mother...?”

Kie looked defeated at the counter. “I’m so sorry Tanjiro... that this keeps happening. You deserve better than being hounded by... hounds.” She paused for a moment. “I’m glad Nezuko left early today.”

“It’s alright mom... It’s nothing I can’t handle.”

He hugged her. He cracked one eye open and took a look at the card on the counter.

Rengoku Kyoujurou.

He quickly started to repeat the phone number in his head - if he knew his mom...

At the end of the hug, his mother reached for the card.

“What gross men..”

The card was ripped in two and then stuffed into her pocket.

Tanjirou nodded, knowing speaking would lose the numbers cycling in his head.

“Please... clean up in here. I’ll finish in the back,” his mother said, then she passed through the door into the kitchen.

As soon as she was totally out of the room, Tanjirou darted for a napkin and wrestled quietly for a pen in his apron pocket. He took down the phone number, repeating it silently to himself to make sure he got it right.

He wasn't even entirely certain this was something he wanted to do.

But one million yen?

If they were serious, he needed to at least *ask* . Ask for details, for information.

He slipped the napkin into his pocket, then reached for a broom.

The phone call he made the very next day was short and sweet to the point.

“Hello. This is Kamado Tanjirou. The - the omega, from yesterday.”

Just call and ask, just call and ask.

“I'd like to meet up and talk about your offer.”

There is gracious acceptance on the other line.

Tanjirou does not dare bring them back to his family's bakery, and instead he arranges to meet at a cafe far enough from his home to not have any random run-ins with neighbors or friends. Rengoku Kyoujurou, now formally introduced to him, had come alone this time.

“I’ll cut right to the case! I’d like you to service my little brother Senjurou. You met him when he visited your business recently.”

Tanjirou remembered the young boy, his downtrodden brows, his sweet and nervous smell. He found himself scratching his leg, something to distract from the intense gaze of the handsome man across the table. “What does service mean?” he asked.

Tanjirou wasn’t ignorant of the long history that surrounded omegas. The sex slavery, the human trafficking. He didn’t want to put himself in a dangerous situation, but if he could help his family, he had a duty to do so.

“Senjurou took a great liking to you. You would move into our estate and serve as his mate.” Kyoujurou’s smile was unwavering.

Tanjirou made a noise to acknowledge he had heard the man, but he took a second to take that in. That could mean lots of things - but Senjurou still seemed young if his height was anything to go off of. That wouldn’t mean anything too.. lewd, would it?

“It’s not so complicated,” Kyoujurou continued. “If he wants to relax, then relax with him. If he wants to play, play with him. And if he wants to fuck, you’ll let him fuck. It’s just service, after all!”

He smiled. “Don’t tell me that doesn’t sound good.”

Kyoujurou spoke a bit more in depth about his brother. How old he was, his interests, some of the issues he was struggling through. Honestly the more the man talked, the more it sounded like Senjurou just needed a friend.

It was quiet for a moment. After drinks arrived at the table, Kyoujurou decided to continue.

“You’d be compensated of course. I just ask that you’ll do whatever he desires!”

“If I was going to consider this further,” Tanjiro finally started, “there’s some things I’d have to put on the table.” Tanjiro took a sip of his drink. “First, I want to be able to see my family. I’m not going to be locked away from the world.”

“Naturally!” Kyoujurou agreed.

“Also, everything goes to my family. I want my mom to receive the money. And I want to be on suppressants.” Tanjiro felt himself rambling, but racking his brain to not forget anything he had thought about. “I did a little research... it shouldn’t mask my scent if that’s what you’re looking for, but it should help prevent me going into - ”

heat.

Tanjiro was flushed for the words, his light scratching now a solid grip on his knee. “Uh, getting excited, you know.”

Kyoujuro’s look was piercing through him.

“Because I’m not looking to have a mate yet! I can keep him company, keep him at peace. But I’m not looking to - to ...” His face was red.

“I’m an omega, not a toy.” He settled on. “If I’m being paid for my service.. there’s things I’d be open to. But there are things I want to do at my own pace.”

There were crowds around, but the sounds around him fell silent as he waited for a response.

“Goodness!” Kyoujurou laughed, keeping his typical smile. However, he furrowed his thick brows. “So many conditions! Don’t you know it’s in your benefit to have an alpha too, boy?”

Kyoujurou's voice is so deep, so commanding. Tanjiro felt an irritation spark through him - that tone made him wonder if he was even being listened to.

"I'm offering a chance to make sure your family is well provided for, to never go without. And beyond that," Kyoujurou's eyes lock into Tanjiro's. His voice gets low, gets slow.

"Omega's love to serve. Don't you want to get all marked up?"

Tanjiro feels himself start to shiver.

"But I'll agree nonetheless! Details can be between you and Senjurou. Anything for my brother."

Kyoujurou stuck out his hand.

Tanjiro kept his eyes trained fully on the large man in front of him. He slowly raised his hand and grasped the other. Tanjiro's hand was swallowed by the sheer size of the elder Rengoku brother, and his gut almost told him to reconsider.

"Alright then."

Now, Tanjiro considered himself a man - he had graduated early and worked full time. He was certainly the man of his household, despite his omega status. He always figured the rough calluses on his hands from the hours of laborious love stood to prove this.

He hadn't expected a wealthy man like Rengoku Kyoujurou to have such callused hands as well. It left him a little breathless. But maybe that was from the light scent of aggression on the man.

The blonde's sharp smile didn't change. "Wonderful! I'll send a car over in three days to fetch you. Have your things packed by then. In the meantime, I'll arrange your stay in our

home and get a direct deposit in order.”

The man got up to take his leave and headed towards the doors of the cafe.

“Pleasure doing business with you!”

Tanjirou said nothing as he watched the door swing open and the bell chime at its closing. He felt light headed, like he needed to lay down for a moment. He opts to go into the restroom instead.

The echo of that callused hand on his remained and a thrilling warmth spread in his stomach.

He’s sweaty. How could he have let someone talk to him that way? Oh, but it was thrilling. Those eyes on him, telling him he’d be taken care of.

Safely in a stall, Tanjiro unzips in pants, reaches beneath his underwear and begins to stroke himself. He breathed shakily.

You don’t want to get all marked up?

It is only after Kyoujurou has made his way back to his vehicle and buckled in, his privacy now protected by the tinted windows, that he brought the hand up that had touched Tanjirou up to his nose. He took a lengthy inhale and shivered.

What a strong scent!

Senjurou never stood a chance against an omega like that.

Kyoujurou then began to straighten himself out and his surroundings. Fine tuned the rearview mirror, pressed down any new wrinkles that had appeared in his shirt.

Re-adjusted the new tightness in his pants.

He then started the car and headed home, excited to tell Senjurou the news.

Tanjirou telling his mother his decision was one of the hardest things he'd ever done.

Confusion, tears. Was he being blackmailed? Was he desperate to move out? It seemed so out of nowhere.

But Tanjirou insisted this was for the family - he would call often, see them when he could. This was a service he could provide to better their place in society. He could pay for his siblings university tuition, for the bakery, for anything they needed.

This was the smart choice he reasoned - not based on instinct or the feeling in his stomach when he looked at bright red and orange eyes.

He knew in his heart he would always have the unconditional support of his family.

When three short days had passed, a black car arrived in front of Tanjirou's home to pick him and a suitcase of his belongings up. He was expecting Kyoujurou and Senjurou to accompany him on the ride over, but there was only a driver.

"Thank you for your help, sir!" Tanjirou announced loudly when they arrived at the Rengoku estate. He bowed and took his things, only for the driver to wave him off modestly.

“No, no, thank you! I appreciate your advice on my son’s birthday gift!”

As the driver took his leave, a booming voice caught Tanjirou’s attention. “Making many new friends, I see!”

It was Kyoujurou. It was strange not seeing him in more formal dress attire like when he visited the bakery and at their meeting. Today he was wearing a traditional yukata.

“Ah!” Tanjirou bowed his head lightly. “Hello.”

“Come! Senjurou is inside. We’ll give you the grand tour!”

As they walked towards the house, Tanjirou noticed it was not only Kyoujurou looking traditional - the entire home itself was as well. It was beautiful, truly. Furthermore, it looked very large - perhaps larger than any private home Tanjirou had seen in Tokyo.

Inside was just as beautiful as the outside. Tanjirou took in the sights around him as they traveled between rooms, until finally they stopped in a small room with a tatami floor and tea table. Tanjirou glanced at folded clothes and the upside down tea cups on the table.

“Before I fetch Senjurou, there’s a couple things I need to discuss with you now that you’re here. Some rules of the house!”

Tanjiro blinks. “Oh - sure.”

“First,” Kyoujuro holds up an index finger with a solemn look on his face. “Never go into our father's study unless you’ve been invited. You should never disturb him.”

Tanjirou nods. This was the first he was hearing about the Rengoku patriarch. He wondered what kind of man he was, noting how different his sons were.

“Second, we have many meetings and customers come through our house. Look presentable at all times!”

Tanjirou nods again. He thought himself as having a fairly good sense of style, so that wasn't going to be hard.

“Nothing like what you're wearing now.”

“Wha- *what* ?” Tanjirou asks, a little taken aback. He tried to keep his face looking as neutral as normal.

But Nezuko picked this out for me! I know this looks good!

“Of course!” Kyoujurou left out that hearty laugh of his. “This is a traditional household. There's some standards you need to adhere to! We don't regularly wear western clothes except for more professional meetings, so change into this.”

Tanjirou said nothing as Kyoujurou picked up yukata from the small table. He made no movement to hand them over yet. They looked like they had a light blue ocean pattern.

There was a moment of silence as Tanjirou inspected them from Kyoujurou's hands. A couple of seconds passed.

“Today, boy.”

The words startled Tanjirou. He shot a glance at the door and then back to Kyoujurou, as if to wordlessly ask him to leave. But Kyoujurou did not shift so much as an inch, and his golden eyes did not break their contact even to blink.

“Tanjiro, *change* .”

Kyoujuro’s voice was sharper now. The realization of what was expected of him hit Tanjiro like a brick, and something solid filled his lower stomach. The scent subtle of aggression was not lost.

He made a small noise a little unbecoming of him before slowly raising a shaky hand to begin to unbutton his outer cardigan, as if to gesture if this is really what was being asked of him. But Kyoujurou didn’t correct him.

This was for his family. Just another duty as the eldest son.

Tanjiro held the feeling of fear of shame as slowly, the layers of his clothing began to drop to the floor, one by one. Cardigan, Shirt, belt, pants. As he stood bare to his host, left only in his boxers, his arms self-consciously covered himself.

“Good boy, Tanjiro.”

Kyoujurou’s smile shouldn’t have felt so.. hungry.

Tanjiro stuck a hand out shyly, one arm still covering his body, waiting to be passed the yukata. It never came.

Instead there was another smell coming his way, surrounding him. Hot, musky.

It smelled like arousal.

Tanjiro’s heart sped up even faster.

“The third thing,” Kyoujurou’s deep voice said, “is that you will be Senjurou’s mate - but you will *always* listen to me.”

A door opening and closing broke the tension, and the youngest Rengoku entered.

“Aniue!” Senjurou said to his brother. He sounded a little irritated, but trying to hide it. “What are you doing? I could smell you from the other - ” He caught a glimpse of Tanjirou’s body and blushed. “...the other room.” Senjurou nodded a greeting to Tanjirou.

“Ah, Senjurou! I was just beginning to tell our new omega the rules of the house. He was just changing into the robe you picked out.”

Kyoujurou glanced back at Tanjirou. “But maybe we should leave him like this! That way anyone in the estate who wanted to use him could do so.”

Now Kyoujurou looked Tanjirou dead in his eyes - and Tanjirou got the feeling it was now him who was being addressed. “Would you like that?” He asked in a lower voice.

Tanjirou sucked in a breath.

“Aniue, Tanjirou is just for me! You said so!” Senjurou puffed out his cheeks as he pouted. He ran to Tanjirou and put his arms around his neck. He had all the confidence in the world when his brother was in the room.

“O-oh!” Tanjirou stammered in surprise.

“Are you going back on your word?”

A laugh erupted from Kyoujurou. “Never, Senjurou! But you wouldn’t even share with your dear older brother? I’m hurt!”

How could these two brothers talk so lightheartedly during this kind of conversation? Tanjirou’s heartbeat was a hard and loud thump.

“Hmm...” Senjurou let out, immediately feeling a little remorseful towards his brother. He had let go of Tanjirou. “Well.. Maybe that’s okay. Just so you can show me how...” Senjurou looked down at the ground and leisurely moved his foot around in a circle nervously. “How it’s... done.”

What? Tanjirou thought. How it’s *done* ?

Kyoujurou ruffled his brother's hair with his free hand. “I’d love to be your teacher Senjurou! I’ll teach you to take good care of him.”

Kyoujurou now looked to Tanjirou, sizing him up with his eyes. Senjurou did as well, though more shyly.

“How would you feel about two at once?”

A shiver went down Tanjiro’s spine.

Kyoujurou smiled.

“We’ll take good care of you, boy.”

Tanjirou flushed, speechless. What can he say to something like that?

But Kyoujuro just laughed, and he heard Senjurou lightly puff out air. "Aniue likes to tease..." he whispered.

Kyoujurou laughed full-heartedly, patting Tanjirou on his still-uncovered back.

"Lighten up, boy! We don't bite!"

Over the next few weeks, Tanjirou could tell the brothers were close because Senjurou wasn't wrong that his brother liked to tease. He was often with both of them together, but there were moments in the day he had to be alone with each brother.

For instance, in the afternoons while Senjurou was at school, he got the chance to get to know Kyoujurou a bit more, pick him apart.

He came back at noon every day to eat his lunch at home, when he wasn't conducting business out of town. This is when Tanjirou realized that Kyoujurou was a phenomenon of a glutton, having a one track mind while he ate. There was no getting a word in while he gobbled up and complemented the food. It's during his time sipping tea at the end of his meal that he found himself the time to ask questions.

"So what kind of work does your family do?" Tanjirou asked once.

"Hard work!" Kyoujurou belted back.

At first Tanjirou felt like Kyoujurou was keeping secrets when he got answers like that, but he was slowly starting to realize that's just how he spoke. Straight and to the point, even if it was vague. Details weren't important. It made him come across as a serious man when it comes to his work, but unintentionally a little funny.

There was one day after a particularly large meal that Kyoujurou even delivered him a compliment.

“You put your family above yourself. I respect that immensely.” Kyoujurou took a sip of green tea. “You’re good to Senjurou as well. You have my thanks.”

Tanjirou looked down at his own tea and smiled shyly.

“And that’s the end of that! Time for work again!”

Perhaps it was Senjurou’s ramblings or a bond formed amongst two eldest brothers or even just a strong-hearted smell, but he saw a lot of great traits in Rengoku Kyoujurou.

And during Kyoujurou’s more irritable days, hard at work in the middle of a conference phone call, Tanjirou found he didn’t even mind getting pulled into his lap and letting Kyoujurou breathe in his scent around his neck. He liked to help, and he found he liked to be held.

Speaking of being held, Senjurou didn’t exactly *need* to sleep with Tanjirou every night for a good night’s rest, but it was nice, honestly. And if Senjurou had to stretch the truth a little bit about the frequency of nightmares, then so be it.

And Tanjirou honestly enjoyed his time with Senjurou at night. It was quiet, intimate. Senjurou was decently chatty when he was with his brother, but it was in the evening, covered in the cloak of darkness, that he really opened up.

They had talked some nights about Senjurou’s life. His mother whom he barely remembered, his father’s lasting grief and daily irritations. Senjurou’s feelings of inadequacy, amplified by people’s staring. Tanjirou listened with open ears, piecing together what made Senjurou Senjurou.

“Is it bad I don’t remember her voice?” Senjurou confessed one night, almost inaudible.

There were plenty of things Tanjiro couldn’t relate to when Senjurou talked about his family - but he did know what it was like to lose a parent. Not as young as Senjurou had, but still.

“But you remember her love, right?” Tanjiro nuzzled into Senjurou’s hair from behind him. “That’s what’s most important. Senses will fade, but that never can.”

“I could never forget,” Senjurou replies silently. A few seconds pass, and Senjurou turned around to fully embrace Tanjiro. “You know... I’m really glad you’re here with me.”

Tanjiro feels light weight on his lips - warm, quick, a little shy, and then it’s gone. Senjurou’s face then hides into the crook of his neck.

Tanjiro is a little shocked. That was the first time Senjurou had ever done something like that, so intimate in the 3 months he had been living in the estate.

“Please don’t ever leave...” Senjurou whispered into his skin.

How could Tanjiro refuse a request like that? He hadn’t been here long, and it didn’t feel like he had done much particularly - but he did feel like he had made some impact. It made him warm, so warm, to know he made Senjurou feel good. It was almost hard to contain himself.

It was much too late into the night to be awake, but Senjurou was awoken by movement in his futon.

It was light - almost so light he wouldn't have noticed had he been a deeper sleeper. But there is a soft pressure pushing against him, then off and then on. He took a second to analyze.

Is - is Tanjirou humping against me?

“Tanjirou?” He questions silently, voice still groggy and eyes weak from sleep.

As Senjurou shook himself into consciousness, his senses rage in all directions all at once.

First is the smell - thick and suffocating. And like instinct, Senjurou has absolutely no doubt in his mind that this is the smell of an omega in heat.

Speaking of heat, it was warm all around him. He could feel warmth radiating off his bed partner, sweat beginning to form on him.

Lastly, there are the light gasps from Tanjiro, moaning softly as he tries to alleviate the pressure he felt around his groin.

It's overwhelming in the best possible way, but Senjurou's mind feels blank, and he doesn't know how to respond. Wasn't Tanjirou on suppressants? Did he induce heat himself, despite the medication?

He had sections of thoughts like this pass in his mind - but Tanjirou makes it impossible to focus, as his humping gets a little harder.

“Senjurou...” Tanjirou draws out his name. “Help me...”

Senjurou takes a breath because he is so, so dizzy. “Oh, uh? What can I do for you?”

As Senjurou asks this, he doesn't even realize that his body is beginning to buck back against Tanjirou's own hips. This feeling is foreign, but as his pajama pants become tighter, more unbearable, he knows this is what feels good, so he keeps doing it. Tanjirou then wrapped himself around Senjurou more completely, and Senjurou buried his face in the crook of his neck, near the scent gland he knew was there.

It takes his whole being to not lick it, not bite, because he isn't sure what Tanjirou really wants. They had agreed to wait until they both felt comfortable doing something like this. What if this wasn't induced by Tanjirou, and it still came randomly?

"Senjurou - I" Tanjiro stopped to gasp as Senjuro lost the battle of thought and licked up Tanjiro's neck. "I need you to help me." He's gasping now, rubbing harder.

"Please help me."

Senjurou only thinks back to when Tanjirou helped *him* out, all those weeks ago - and what his own instincts told him to do. This was a solution only for instinct to fix, yes?

Insecure, Senjurou knew the mechanics, but he still had a lot of questions. He had joked with Anieue about needing the help of an experienced person, but honestly he really could use the help.

"Umm." Senjurou hesitates, breathing deeply. He pulls at Tanjiro's pajama pants. "Take these off - please."

Senjurou helps Tanjiro wiggle out and can only stare as Tanjirou takes hold of his cock, erect and pulsing. One of Tanjirou's hands dragged up all the way to the tip and then back down again, spreading pre-cum as he went.

It makes Senjurou fully hard to watch, and he finds himself wiggling out of his own shorts.

“Here let’s try - maybe this can help.”

Now free from his own confinement, Senjurou puts his dick next to Tanjirou’s. He has never touched another person’s private parts before, but with a shaky hand he covers both of their cocks with both of his hands and rubs them together.

The feeling of the pressure unbounded by his clothing and against another person is electrifying, far better than anything he had felt on his own. Senjurou continued to pump in unison, and Tanjirou let out a moan that drove Senjurou crazier and crazier.

Tanjirou leans in to kiss Senjurou, peppering his face as he repeats Senjurou’s name over and over again.

So focused on Tanjirou, Senjurou almost doesn’t hear the other voice cut through.

“You two should really do this with the door fully closed!”

Kyoujurou was at the door, and this popped Senjurou awake from the rush that had overtaken him.

“I could smell the scent of heat from down the hall.”

Senjurou can see even silhouetted that his brother has a light smile on his face, but his bright eyes against the dark around him looked focused and piercing.

“A-aniue!”

The sight in front of Kyoujurou was so much to take in, definitely erotic and made the alpha inside him howl. Two flustered bodies, hard and sweaty. A needy omega. There’s no penetration though, and he isn’t quite sure what they were doing.

“I was just going to bring this for you.” He held up a bottle of something, Senjurou isn’t sure what.

“I’ll be on my way, I just wanted to check if things were okay.’ Kyojuro says curtly. “But why don’t you let me help you get started, Senjurou? If you would like.”

Senjurou nods and breathes heavily as Tanjiro kept pumping, kept kissing. If he had noticed Kyoujurou at the door or walking in, he hadn’t made it known.

Kyoujurou comes to the futon and pulls Tanjiro’s ass up into the air, pushing his face into the ground. Tanjiro lets out a squeak of surprise, but is still groaning.

“Ah-hh, Kyou..?” He managed to get out.

Senjurou found he missed the pressure of his body against him.

“Let me teach you how to make him feel good.” Kyoujurou said. He lifted Tanjiro’s head up slightly with his hair and cooed softly at his flushed face and wet mouth.

“We’ll take good care of you, Tanjiro” he told him. “But first, why don’t you make Senjurou feel good?” He grips Tanjiro’s hair and moves it closer to his younger brother’s crotch.

“Use your mouth,” he whispered. “Pleasure him.”

The sudden sensation of warmth and wetness surrounding him makes Senjurou buck further into Tanjiro’s mouth than he had anticipated. But Tanjiro greedily takes him in, running his tongue all across anything it can reach. His tongue dances along the shaft and around the head.

“Now listen, Sen.”

Senjurou tried to listen, he really did, but it's hard.

“Listen up.” With Tanjirou's ass still in the air, Kyoujurou puts a finger in and out of his mouth and begins to rub against the rim of the hole, enjoying the ridges and getting him ready. Tanjirou made what he is sure is a whine.

“You have to get him ready before you put anything inside. Spit isn't great to use, so use a lubricant if you can.”

Despite this advice, he stuck a digit into Tanjirou, who moaned around Senjurou's dick. It's unlike anything he'd ever felt before. The vibrations of his voice made Senjurou shake, the pressure inside his core began to build.

Kyoujurou grunts. “He's so tight...” he says more to himself. He then picked up the bottle he brought along with him and squirted a bit of the liquid into his hand.

Two fingers now entered Tanjirou, but Senjurou barely watched. He laid down on his back, hands now fully tangled into Tanjirou's hair to control the pace at which Tanjirou sucked him off. Kyoujurou began to stretch him out, moving his fingers back and forth, making Tanjirou gasp. Kyoujuro then reached his free hand around Tanjirou's soft belly and grabbed the boy's length. His large hand holds it entirely.

Kyoujurou leaned over Tanjirou's body to get to his ear. “Good boy, Tanjirou. You're doing so good...”

Kyojurou growled, and from scent alone, Senjurou knew exactly what was about to come next.

“Can I just show you how it starts, Senjurou? You promised you'd share..”

Senjurou just moans, still in ecstasy from Tanjirou's mouth. Kyoujurou took that as a yes.

He dropped Tanjirou's cock and moved quickly to his own waistband, fishing out his hardened dick immediately. The hands on Tanjirou's butt are temporarily removed to coat his shaft in lubricant, and suddenly, Tanjirou feels his walls stretch and take in Kyoujurou, who made his way in until he was nearly entirely submerged in Tanjirou's heat.

"You're both doing so well - you're so tight boy!" Kyoujurou praised.

To Tanjirou, Kyoujurou felt *massive* inside. He began to move slowly to get Tanjirou used to the sensation, but it wasn't long before he moved to full-on thrusts, taking Tanjirou fully head down and ass up.

The new force in Tanjirou's bobbing started to take a toll on Senjurou. The build up was becoming too much. "Ah, I'm, I'm going to - "

As Senjurou begins to speak, Kyoujurou moves fast to reposition Tanjirou and accommodate his brother. Strong hands left Tanjirou up quickly into the air, and before either he or Senjurou can register it, Kyoujurou placed Tanjirou on top of Senjurou's cock and coaxed him down. He continued to move Tanjirou up and down, forcing him to ride Senjurou.

"How's this, Senjurou? Come fill up your mate."

The new sensation of being inside Tanjirou was the final straw, and two bucks in he felt himself snap. His cum poured into Tanjirou and began to leak out as Kyoujurou continued to bounce Tanjirou up and down through the duration of his orgasm.

As Senjurou gasped for air, blissed out of his mind, Kyoujurou laid Tanjirou on top of Senjurou, chest to chest, and pulled his ass up again.

“You were close, weren’t you? Let me get you there, sweet thing..”

Again, Kyoujurou pushed himself inside of Tanjirou as Senjurou began to leave soft kisses on Tanjirou’s face. He bucked wildly inside him.

“Ah, ah! I’m going tp -” Tanjirou moaned out, and suddenly the fullness inside of him was gone. There’s then stinging on his ass, and he realized he’d been spanked.

“Let your alphas come first,” Kyoujurou ordered, and he pushed his dick back inside.

“Be good to Aniue,” Senjurou muffled out, petting Tanjirou’s cheeks.

The thrusts come hard and fast, and it was hard to hold it in, but eventually Tanjirou felt a wave erupt inside him as Kyoujurou finally released. Hot white ran deep inside and down his legs.

Kyoujurou slid his cock out and Tanjirou rested on Senjuro, completely spent, but still hard. Kyojurou rested on his knees.

Suddenly Tanjirou was pushed off of Senjurou and rolled onto his back. Kyoujurou hovered over him. Senjurou rolled onto his side and embraced Tanjirou.

“ *Now* it’s your turn to cum.” Kyoujurou says boldly. Tanjirou moaned softly, holding his shaft.

“Stop teasing him, Aniue!” whined Senjurou, tiredly.

Kyoujurou just smiles.

“I told you we’d take good care of you, boy.”

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you enjoyed this RenTanSen sandwich.

If there was a part you enjoyed specifically or have something to mention, please leave a comment! I'd love to hear from you!

Best,

Seabell

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!